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VOL. I.

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No. VIII.

EDITORS.

R. G. HOLLAND,

JOHN LEITHEAD,

J. E. HOMANS,

T. H. MACOUGHTRY.

HUNT ON THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

LEIGH HUNT is a pleasant writer among pleasant writers. He never tried to be faultless, else he had long since ceased to publish. It was his ambition to be considered agreeable; he might have wished to be profound, original, and uncommon, but he had more self-satisfaction than ambition, and chose as the highest of wishes, to find himself greeted as the man of elegant cheerfulness, whose productions would stand on that gilded and always sunny shelf, to which we instinctively turn, when the same passion for relaxation, which makes the tired child long to run into the meadows, troubles the breast of the over-worked man. He was more anxious of being master of the heart, than of powerfully influencing men's judgments. Whenever it was really necessary, he would impress truth upon their attention, but his confessed means would be, first, to win their good opinion, and then present his argument, somewhat aided by feeling, yet he was altogether best pleased upon finding that the judgment had already been informed, and that it remained for him to awaken the affections and speak to the heart. In one sense he showed wisdom—he was humble enough to wish for one thing only, and that not what the majority consider as the very highest. He saw before him two paths, one, under the full noon of day,

leading by temples of learning, where sages and prophets were assembled, improving each other's discoveries and admiring each other's eloquent truths; winding by palaces in which kings were descending from their thrones to do homage to the sons of genius who hastened thither for reward and protection; the other, lighted by the influence of evening, shaded by evergreens, with here and there an inviting seat, frequented by persons of many classes, evidently in search of variety and repose, who instead of making their stay prolonged, hastened away when their weariness was relieved. He chose the latter, flattering himself that by adopting such a course his writings would at one time or another reach the hands of the serious as well as of the gay, and that the writer for fame and the reader for instruction would both be found partaking of his delicacies. But he has occasionally gone beyond this and occupied the position of teacher. After inviting us into his "gallery," and seeing us comfortably seated, he begins the amusements by putting the old question, What is poetry? And while, all confused, we hang our heads, wondering why we cannot answer, he hastens to inform us what he thinks is poetry, and afterwards, at every opportunity, drops grains of advice into the hands of young men who would be authors, and shows between occasional lines of a poem, the plainest, easiest, and most speedy road to being a poet.

Mr. Hunt is a lover of young poets, and when he meets one of unmistakeable character, forms eternal friendship with him, and, like generous and enthusiastic Burley, as soon as he has discovered Leonard Fairchild's talent for composition, vows to make his fortune for him, or, at least, to embalm his memory. All praise to Mr. Hunt for this trait, which some might call the highest generosity, but which we would say was the undisguised expression of admiration and affection which kindred natures feel towards each other. When Mr. Hunt became acquainted with John Keats, what could result but that he would be warmed into admiration, and extend both arms to the charming young bard? Older men had done so, young and old do so still. What wonder then that it was so in his case? None. The only difference is, and it is an important one, that Mr. Hunt being influenced by such feelings, and believing himself to be calculated to show us his friend's excel-

lencies, will be expected to fulfil his loving duty in the best manner, and if he cannot convince us, for all men do not see with the charitable eyes of friendship, at least he should put us in possession of what are the poet's real beauties. How has he finished his chosen task?

A glance at his notes on *The Eve of St. Agnes*, will inform us. In the short sketch of the poet which precedes the poem, Mr. Hunt remarks, "melancholy, it is true, will 'break in' when the reader thinks of the early death of such a writer; but it is one of the benevolent provisions of nature, that all good things tend to pleasure in the recollection; when the bitterness of their loss is past, their own sweetness embalms them." A pretty, self-evident truth, but fearing least it might not be sufficiently before his reader's mind, he hastens to illustrate it; how beautiful the object which should picture forth this beautiful thought! Hear him—"While writing this paragraph, a hand-organ out-of-doors has been playing one of the mournfullest and loveliest of the airs of Bellini—another genius who died young. The sound of music always gives a feeling either of triumph or tenderness to the state of mind in which it is heard: in this instance it seemed like one departed spirit come to bear testimony of another, and to say how true indeed may be the union of sorrowful and sweet recollections."

How invaluable is a taste for selecting homely objects as subjects for illustration! See what captivating forms appear in this author's thought!—"The mournfullest and loveliest of airs," rising like the ghost of Bellini from his grave (i. e., the hand-organ), coming to meet another ghost, (this, too, in open day light!) which ghost we are told is that of poor Keats, but in reality, the ghost of this author's departed good taste. Never has hand-organ had so favorable mention; and if in the advancement of taste and science this city-renowned instrument shall become extinct, this sentence will preserve it whole and in tune for the benefit of those who shall occupy our houses after us.

In the second note is one of those grains of advice dropped gratuitously for the benefit of young authors; it is suggested by Keats likening "the beadsman's frosted breath" to "pious incense," which, says his commentator, is "thoroughly harmonious with itself and all that is going on"—where was he

charmed by "thorough harmony," and whoever met anything "going on" in elegant language, much less in poetry? The sentence reads thus, "Young students of poetry may, in this image alone, see what imagination is, under one of its most poetical forms, and how thoroughly it tells." Did it require a special note to inform us that this is poetical imagination? did Mr. Hunt suppose that the young student of poetry who could not of himself perceive this, would ever be taught to see any thing as poetical even with the help of so able an instructor? Still, it "tells," that is, it makes "thorough harmony" with what we saw was "going on" in the last mentioned note.

Mr. Hunt evidently has been hunting for elegant and "telling" phrases, we will not say in what part of the country.

After noticing the imaginative taste in this passage, "asleep in lap of legends old," and satisfactorily explaining how the young lady's couch could be said to be the lap of legends as well as sleep's, he adds, "The poet does not critically think of all this; he feels it; and thus should other young poets draw upon the prominent points of their feelings upon a subject, sucking the essence out of them into analogous words, instead of beating about the bush for *thoughts*." By this we understand that the secret of poetry lies in the recesses of feeling, that here only is the poet to search for it. With this the majority of persons partly agree, but the point he would impress upon us most earnestly, and with which we do not concur, is, that the poet is not to be occupied with *thought*, since that would be "beating round the bush,"—the reader will recollect that our author is still hunting. Now if the original verse convinces us that the actor in it is, at the moment, influenced more by thought than by feeling, the commentator, while seeking to beautify, will be found contradicting his text:

"He scarce could brook
Tears at the *thought* of those enchantments cold
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old."

It would be well for teachers of poetry or prose to look closely to the page from which they are lecturing, and let all pupils be deaf when they find their master goes directly against his authorities.

Next, hear our critic on the verse beginning with, "Out

went the taper as she hurried in:"—"What a lovely line is the seventh," and he quotes it, "And the nightingale! how touching the simile! the heart a 'tongueless nightingale,' dying in the bed of the bosom. What thorough sweetness, and perfection of lovely imagery! How one delicacy is heaped upon another!"

Oh, Mr. Hunt, is it thus you handle them? *Heaping* delicacies one above the other! Man, you rudely crush them! But the confusion increases,—“But for a burst of richness, noiseless, colored, suddenly enriching the moonlight, as if a door of heaven were opened, read the stanza that follows,

“A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.”

What does all this mean? Will the reader believe we are quoting Mr. Hunt correctly? We do not wish to set any one mad by requesting him to interpret its meaning, or by showing him the many ways in which we tried to throw light upon the sentence; the nearest approach was this, “a burst of noiseless richness, colored richness, richness enriching the moonlight.” By insulting poetry, it may be said this is poetical language; but by no means does it resemble anything that is possible. And it is just like this piece of absurdity that a door of heaven might be opened! Forgetting, if we can, the clumsy construction and miserable daubing of such a door, for what end, fanciful or real, is it to be thrown open? That a shield blushing with blood may appear through it!

Ah, Mr. Hunt,—we must sigh twice, this is too excellent a delicacy. Shall we return evil for evil, and crush it? You have already done it. You have degraded the stanza you tried to exalt, by removing its figure from the repose which the poet had breathed around it, placing it in a position where every passer by must laugh aloud at its unharmonizing effect.

Turn we now to a picture whose quiet light Mr. Hunt's shadow cannot entirely disturb:

“Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon:
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest;
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint;
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings for heaven:”—

This certainly is the blending of richest fancy with perfect living beauty. We expect the effect produced on Mr. Hunt's poetic mind would be adequate to the occasion; he expresses his emotion thus—"The lovely and innocent creature, thus praying under the gorgeous painted window, completes the exceeding and unique beauty of this picture,—one that will forever stand by itself in poetry, as an addition to the stock."

A child would have felt the power of the scene and expressed it with a truthfulness which would have shamed our experienced critic. Better had he beheld in silence, and permitted us to feel for ourselves. Here is a magnificent casement crowned with three arches, the perfection of gothic architecture; on its panes, "richly dight," the winter moon, silent and pale, shines full. To increase the spiritual influence surrounding the spot, a figure is kneeling under the light of the arches, and instinctively the heart feels that prayer is ascending to the heavens—you stand, as it were, in a vast cathedral, there is a sense around you of omnipotent power, your soul is lost in it; expression is the last thing you desire, it would be a relief, so holy an influence needs not. The application of the word beautiful, which in the last line of the twenty-seventh verse, is so suitable, becomes in this connection far below the greatness of the place. Had Madeline been seen in her garden, bending among the flowers, the light of summer evening resting round and about her, it might be said with every propriety, "Lovely and innocent creature"! as she is, her attractions cease to be merely lovely or beautiful, they are of a higher order, her form and feature are exalted by the splendor of her position, and her natural innocence is refined into divine purity through the heavenly light of prayer. But, at the sight of this "lovely and innocent creature," Mr. Hunt loses all command over himself; not contented with ridiculing the sublimity of the scene by his language, he proceeds to inform us, at the height of his confusion, that this picture will ever stand by itself as an addition to the "*stock of poetry*." It need only be said that in this unfortunate sentence, he would seem to consider poets as identical with horse-dealers, and with those respectable gentlemen who keep "stock." Does Mr. Hunt include himself? If he does, this accounts for the expression.

So far, our comments have been anything but commendatory. This was not our own seeking. Mr. Hunt forced us into it. We must say, however, that amidst these wretched criticisms of his, there is a good one. What! only one good criticism among so many bad ones? This is all, and we must be thankful for that, it might not have been written. In justice to the writer we cannot do less than copy the greater part; it occurs on the third verse, wherein the monk weeps, or as Keats expresses his emotion, is "flatter'd to tears," at the sound of music proceeding from the chapel: "This 'flattered' is exquisite. A true poet is by nature a metaphysician; far greater in general than metaphysicians professed. He feels instinctively what the others get at by long searching. In this word 'flattered' is the whole theory of the secret of tears; which are the tributes, more or less worthy, of self-pity to self-love. Whenever we shed tears, we take pity on ourselves; and we feel, if we do not consciously say so, that we deserve to have the pity taken. In many cases, the pity is just, and the self-love not to be construed unhandsomely. 'Flattered to tears,' yes, the poor old man was moved, by the sweet music, to think that so sweet a thing was intended for his comfort, as well as for others. He felt that the mysterious kindness of Heaven did not omit even his poor, old, sorry case, in its numerous workings and visitations; and as he wished to live longer, he began to think that his wish was to be attended to. He had begun to think how much he had suffered—how much he had suffered wrongly and mysteriously—and how much better a man he was, with all his sins, than fate seemed to have taken him for. Hence he found himself deserving of tears and self-pity, and he shed them, and felt soothed by his poor, old, loving self. Not undeservedly either; for he was a painstaking pilgrim, aged, patient, and humble, and willingly suffered cold and toil for the sake of something better than he could otherwise deserve; and so the pity is not exclusively on his own side; we pity him, too, and would fain see him out of that cold chapel, gathered into a warmer place than the grave."

And here we have done; glad that there is any token of excellence worthy of notice. We have read *The Eve of St. Agnes* many times, and meeting Mr. Hunt's book, congratu-

lated ourselves on having found something which would help us to a just appreciation of its beauties. How great the disappointment! How gross an injustice he has committed against this poem! The more sad, too, because the companionship of the poem gives an air of respectability and importance to the accompanying commentary, of which it is entirely unworthy. On this account particularly have we exposed its weak points. Mr. Hunt is now an old man; he has seen much of life, especially of its sorrows; he has intimately known some of the first English poets—at the funeral rites of one of whom he was present under the lofty walls of Rome; he has seen men of many climes and studied their manners, gaining a valuable experience. All these considerations place our author out of the reach of any criticism which is made upon his merits at this late day; moreover, they should lead us to respect him. We have not forgotten them, on the contrary, it is feeling their power to win attention and confidence that we write. Mr. Hunt is still popular, and highly esteemed by a certain class; children love him and delight in his cheerful, winning manner, and to them no harm can come from this attachment; but young men are periodically seized with fits of enthusiasm at his gaudy description and seeming warmth of feeling. In this lies the danger against which we would warn all readers, if their hearts are young and their judgment unformed, they are liable to imitate this style of writing. Imagine a young fellow of fancy and ardent intellect sitting down to write a criticism after the manner of Leigh Hunt's Notes on "The Eve of St. Agnes"! What would become of forcible delineation, eloquent appeal, and well-ordered argument? They would find an early and unworthy grave in sickly sentimentalism and baby pathos.

If any one is in possession of "Imagination and Fancy," let him shun this commentary upon Keats' poem, if he desires to preserve within his mind its beauties unmarred.

Knowledge is the treasure, but judgment is the treasurer
of a wise man.

THE MUSIC OF THE RAIN.

—
"Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."—TENNYSON.
—

There is something in the patter
Of the rain-drop on the pane,
That calms the spirit's sorrow,
And summons youth again,
That wakes the glad remembrance
Of happy moments fled,
And calls from out their silent graves
The dear ones who are dead.

As when the stricken Autumn,
From the melancholy sky,
Despairingly is weeping
O'er the leaves that drifted lie
In the hollow oak's recesses,
And the shelter of the glen,
The lifeless sad mementoes
Of the glory that has been.

Forth from those leaves forgotten,
Steals a fragrance as of Spring,
Waking a joy responsive
In every living thing,
Filling the lonely arches
Of the forest black and bare,
With the birds' familiar music,
Fluttering here and there ;

So, by the grateful influence
Of the softly dropping rain,
Fond memories, sheltered round the heart,
Breathe fragrantly again,
And hopes, that drooping slumbered
With folded wings so long,
Revive and warble joyously
Their clear prophetic song.

No thoughts of present evil,
No thoughts of coming pain,
Mingle a tone of sadness
With the murmur of the rain,
But like the steps of angels,
So gentle and so free,
And like to angel voices,
Its music seems to me.

And ever around my bedside,
Through the dim mysterious night,
In fancy's twilight hover
Angelic visions bright ;
And ever around my bedside
Departed spirits stand,
Pointing to distant childhood past,
And the better, happier Land.

So wakes the fond remembrance
Of joyous moments fled,
So start from out their resting place,
The loved ones who are dead,
So lightly thoughts of pleasure
Float in the busy brain,
As we list to the dreamy measure
Of the gently falling rain.

THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

[Continued from page 203.]

IN May, 1808, Mr. Chase, in company with a friend, left New Orleans, for a recreative trip across the lakes Ponchartrain and Maurepas, to "Bookter's Spring, a fountain of water boiling from the earth ; a rare object to look upon among such as dwell upon the banks of the Mississippi, in Southern latitudes." The Spring was said to be a short distance from the Tickfah river, and they took a schooner for Rome, a new settlement at its mouth. Their sail across the Lakes was delightful, and they soon entered the Tickfah. They landed at Rome, then a mere collection of a few log cabins, and pitched their tent upon the banks of the river. They found that the Spring was at a greater distance than they supposed, and he and his friend having obtained horses, they set out, accompanied by a friend who met them there, two servants, and a gentleman of that country who offered to be their guide. This man proved to be a vaunting and untrustworthy person. Mr. Chase understood his character from the beginning, but his travelling companions had unbounded confidence in him, and treated Mr. C.'s suspicions with indifference. At last, when their provisions became exhausted, their clothes torn from their

backs by the thickets through which they were led, one or two weary nights spent in the wilderness, and no appearance yet of Bookter's Spring, nor of any settlement, the party began to listen to Mr. Chase's advice. He seized the compass which the ignorant and arrogant guide had possessed himself of, took the guide and forced him to the confession that he was utterly unworthy of their confidence and at the risk of a personal encounter with him, peremptorily assumed the command of the party, and after great labor extricated them from their perilous condition. The stalwart and determined appearance of Mr. Chase doubtless cowed the boastful guide and drove him into acquiescence. If it had not been for the unflinching firmness, perseverance and personal courage of Mr. Chase, and his early knowledge of the forest, the whole party might have, and probably would have perished, or if saved, it would have only been after a terrific continuance of great hardship and dreadful suffering. As it was, the whole party had a narrow escape from death by exhaustion and starvation.

An incident occurred at New Orleans, which was tortured by some who opposed Mr. Chase's consecration, into a story seriously involving his Christian character. The charge against him was, we believe, that he had been implicated in the African Slave-trade. On examination, the charge was proved utterly groundless, and to be the evil machination of a sadly mistaken or despicable man. The only ground for the charge was the following—"Two gentlemen, friendly to Mr. Chase, by the name of Leonard, the one a druggist and the other a commission merchant, lived in New Orleans. The former came one morning from town to Mr. Chase's, and said that his brother, having received the consignment of a large cargo of negroes just from the Slave coast in Africa, felt it his duty to take the best care of them in his power, now the business was thrown, much against his will or expectation, into his hands. Some of them, however, he said, were already in a perishing state, and two of them must die if not immediately removed from the rest, and carefully nursed. His object in coming to Mr. and Mrs. Chase was to ask the humane favor of letting them come into their kitchen. The proposal was immediately assented to, and one end of the servants' house became an hospital. By the assiduous and kind nursing afforded through

Mr. Chase's family, one of those poor fellow-beings was saved from death, but the other, after lingering long, died. A coffin was made for him by the hired servant Jim—a grave was dug at the lower part of an oblong lot of several acres, and the family saw him decently interred, thinking that his soul was as precious in the eyes of his and their Creator as that of any one else. How this cluster of events could be represented as a sin and urged as an objection to the consecration of Mr. Chase to the office of a Christian Bishop, it is certainly difficult even to imagine. But strange as this objection was, it was taken, and urged with a good deal of pertinacity."

An occurrence while Mr. Chase lay ill of Yellow Fever, is a fair instance of how independent and indomitable his will was, and we shall therefore give it in his own words:—

"The fever that year was unusual in its type, and very fatal in its effects. The patients died mostly at the eleventh day, and very abruptly, with few symptoms of approaching dissolution till they dropped down in the act of walking from the bed to the couch, or in adjusting their clothing. A number who had died thus suddenly that year the writer had consigned to the grave. It was not then strange, that when he himself was seized with the same complaint, and for ten days in painfulness and weariness, had suffered its effects, he should have some apprehensions as to the issue; especially on the eleventh day, when he began to experience in his frame a degree of lassitude and inward sinking of spirits never before imagined. At the time of dining in the family, the writer for a few minutes was left alone; and to get a little fresh air he had made out to crawl from his bed-room to the adjoining apartment, where was a sofa. On this he had for a few moments reposed, when a servant came in for a bottle of porter from a locker.

"In carrying it to the dining room he had to pass the sofa, when the writer sternly bade him stop, draw a cork, and get a tumbler. This was instantly obeyed by the stupid servant, without thinking that it was his duty to make the physician or his mistress acquainted with so dreadful a mandate. No sooner was one tumbler emptied than another was commanded to be filled. This was followed by the most singular effects—feelings the most exhilarated—appetite the most keen and

voracious, and strength to walk and seek something to eat. In this awkward manner, and with the cadaverous look of a dead man, the writer actually entered the dining room, sat down and partook of the food prepared for others. The whole family were agitated, and his wife in tears. A friend, Capt. W. C——, was sent for, and the patient led to bed. The physician also came, but his prescriptions were unnecessary. Balmy sleep had the undisturbed possession of his frame, and when the patient awoke he asked for more porter.

“The gentlemen of the healing art may make what use they please of these facts. Being correctly stated, perhaps some good may be deduced from them. Through the kind providence of God, FIXED AIR saved the life of the writer; in like circumstances it *may* do the same to others.”

The Spring of 1811 had come, Mr. Chase had saved from the proceeds of his school enough to educate his sons; his parish had not been, for some time, as punctual as formerly in the payment of his salary, and was now largely in his debt; his beloved wife had, it was hoped, permanently recovered her health, and both she and Mr. Chase had become exceedingly anxious to see their children, whom they had left in Vermont, and to superintend their education. For these reasons, and particularly the last, Mr. Chase resigned his parish and made arrangements to return to New England. He never ceased to cherish a warm attachment for the people of New Orleans, and especially for the people of his charge there. The following is a specimen of the feelings with which his official connexion with that people was severed. In his farewell sermon he thus expressed himself: “If there is one employment more eminently calculated to endear the welfare of youth to the heart of man than another, it is that which I have enjoyed here among you; and most sincerely can I say it has been deeply appreciated. . . . Sweet have been the hours I have passed with you, and grateful is my remembrance of them. . . . During this period I call you to witness how often and how earnestly I have exhorted you to your duties of piety to God and good will towards men. Let the recollection of these instructions come often to your minds. So far as you find them to accord with the sacred word of God, let them be im-

printed on your hearts—bear you company in your walks by day, and follow you to your pillow by night. Remember the sum and substance of your instructions, that religion is the chief thing; that to this the acquisition of every branch of science should aim, and that without this the wisest man, in the eye of his Maker, is but a fool. . . .

“It now remains that I say to this congregation in general what I may never have the opportunity again to say—*‘Finally my brethren, farewell.’* I go from you; but wherever I am, I shall remember, to my dying day, your many instances of kindness to me. May God reward you with his choicest blessings. May he build up the walls of Jerusalem which his own right hand hath planted here. May he people this city with Israelites indeed; so that when the great day of accounts shall come, many who come from hence may go into a state of blessedness.”

Having completed all their arrangements for removal, Mr. and Mrs. Chase hurried to join their beloved boys, George and Philander, and had the inexpressible pleasure of finding them well. A few weeks were spent delightfully with their friends, but Mr. Chase became anxious to place his boys under the influence of the church, and with an able and experienced teacher. He found that infidelity had been zealously propagated in Vermont, and particularly at Randolph and Bethel, where his children were, and to rescue them from its poison he lost no time in securing for them such an atmosphere and instruction as he desired. He removed with his wife and children to Cheshire, in Connecticut, to place his sons under the Rev. Dr. Tillotson Bronson, Principal of the Episcopal Academy there, and then one of the most eminent teachers in New England. “A house was hired,” Mr. Chase adds, “the furniture purchased, the family settled, and the boys were placed at School, under a teacher, pious without fanaticism, learned without pedantry, strict and primitive without bigotry, and withal an ‘honest, upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil.’”

While at Cheshire, Mr. Chase received an invitation to the rectorship of Christ Church, Hartford, and while considering this call, generally spent his Sundays officiating in that church.

Bishop Jarvis had kindly pressed him to join his diocese, and Mr. Chase often rode from Cheshire to New Haven, the residence of this venerable man, to spend a leisure day at his house, and enjoy his delightful and charming society.

[To be Continued.]

A NEW EPIC.

THE WRATH OF TIMOTHY TUBBS.

PROEM.

WE all have heard the story of the man
 Who tried to fly, and made a good beginning,
 But had no more than fairly started, when
 The force of gravitation sent him spinning
 Fast as Mulciber—sometimes called Vulean ;
 He suffered as all must 'gainst Nature sinning,
 Tho' still asserting, while all pains engirt him,
 " 'Twas not the flying, but the stopping, hurt him " !

Like him I soar, and if like him I fall,
 Say not that I was wrong in upwards reaching,
 Or 't had been well not to have climbed at all ;
 The example 's something, and while beseeching
 You to read, recollect, both Great and Small !
 'Tis a great moral lesson I am teaching ;
 Amusement 's not the object, if it should
 Creep in, my chief aim is to do you good.

After all, perchance I am wrong in thinking
 I can get on without a muse's aid,
 And that a dread " facility for sinking,"
 Will prove my *forte* ; still, as I am well paid,
 For this Poem, I will e'en go on inking
 Foolscap and note ; if I can't float I'll wade,
 Not seeing the force of that precept dim,
 " To shun the water 'til one learns to swim."

Attention then ! while now I place before ye,
 Yclad in dress than which there many a worse is,
 An " unexceptionable moral story,"
 Better by far than money in your purses ;
 And would you ever have some one to pour ye
 The nectar of the Gods, most flowing verses,—
 A literary feast of milk and honey ?—
 The COLLEGIAN 's the Monthly for your money.

POEM.

"Once upon a time, many years ago,"
 There, near Mt. Vernon, lived a "Farmer man,"
 Who, in the proper season, used to sow,
 Reap, eat, drink, and be happy as one can,
 If a "sprightly young bachelor," with no
 Encumbrances—that's relations—to fan
 Into a flame the spark of some old quarrel;
 Like Diogenes in his tub or barrel.

His name, Tim. Tubbs, of which we may observe,
 In truth it was "no better than it ought to be,"
 (A phrase which oftentimes requires strong nerve
 To bear, if coupled with some slander sought to be
 Fastened on us,) but as the name will serve
 Well enough for a poor man, it isn't thought to be
 Advisable to change it for our story;
 Keep then, oh Tubbs, your well got name and glory!

A darker hour came at last—my hero fell
 Into that pit which swallows many more,
 'Twas a sad tale and sorrowful to tell—
 Let's hasten on: he married, one who four
 And one-and-forty years had seen; "'Tis well,"
 The Just-ass said, as the black cap dropped o'er
 The doomed bachelor's head, in solemn mockery
 Of his fond hopes thus shivered, like old crockery.

Cried Mr. Milton once—"Hail wedded Love,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!"
 A poetic license from the Gods above
 Permitted this, though if history metes
 Her justice, Mrs. Milton was no dove;
 Too oft are wedding veils the winding sheets
 Of Love, which seems a very sorry fountain,—
 A glass thro' which each mole-hill seems a mountain.

Beware, oh Virgins! how you cast away
 Your "maiden meditation, fancy free,"
 And ye, ingenuous Youth! I pray you stray
 Not to new pastures; oft a colt we see
 Victim at halter on his bridal day;
 Therefore beware, nor like that poor colt be;
 Love's a fairy which hymen's noose may throttle,
 A fire-fly, which smothers placed in a bottle!

When honey-moon was o'er and honey gone,
 Tim's eyes were opened to his sad condition;
 Though when one sits on limb and it is sawn
 Off by himself, we give him our derision

Instead of sympathy, still as a man
 Is not in his right mind in that transition
 From Bachelor to Benedict, this once
 Let's drop a tear o'er immolated dunce.

Tim, both physically and intellectually,
 Was a little, and soon, a hen-pecked man;
 Think O most worthy Benedict! when reeked you a lie
 To 'scape the terrors of your lady's fan?
 And pity a poor wretch who was effectually
 Broken, not having wit enough to plan
 Excuses; one whom great grief did environ—
 Whom his wife "ruled with a rod of iron,"—

That is, with shovel, or with tongs perchance.
 We all have heard that man and wife are one,
 But that one is the woman; in the dance
 Of marriage, full many an awkward son
 Of his mother falls and bites the floor—*sans*
 Power to stand when linked with some half a ton
 Of a partner; and here one well might laugh
 To speak of her as only Tubbs' "better *half*!"

One bright May morning, as this happy pair
 Sat at their frugal breakfast, thus the fair
 Partner of his bosom spoke—"Tim, my dear—"
 She always said "My Dear," when she'd prepare
 To attack her spouse, as men shake hands who are
 The next moment or so to fight and tear
 Each other for a hundred pounds a side—
 Thus, and in this way 'gan his bonny bride;

"I say my dear, you know that since we plighted
 Our troth, I've lived a most enslaving life,"
 (And so she had, for she'd enslaved benighted
 Tubbs completely) "and surely for your wife,
 Who sacrificed herself when she united
 Herself to you, you ought without a strife
 To yield implicit obedience to her wishes;
 (Please to leave off that fumbling of the dishes.)

"And now I would propose that we should go
 And take a boat ride upon Vernon river,
 Since 'tis a pleasant day, and Tubbs, you know
 That if you work at home too much, your liver
 Will suffer from confinement, and a row
 Will do you good, and will myself deliver
 From the sad feeling that you're but a wood-man,
 There now, you will go, wont you? that's a good man."

The "good man" was intending on that day
 To sow a crop of wheat for the supporting
 Of his wife and children, which is a way
 Of spending time not quite so nice as courting,
 Though much more useful; but he could not "say
 Her nay," although his precious time affording
 But illy; and so, with many a groan,
 He yields to her, "his beautiful, his own."

A little later then, behold, we see them
 Sauntering, arm in arm, towards the river:
 Oh reader fair! could we but be them—
 Or in their places—what a pleasing shiver
 Would shake our hearts, and round we'd wreath 'em
 With Love's soft silken chains, for, quiver
 As they might, I think the palpitation
 Is, after all, the heart's best education.

Tubbs' heart beat fast, but 'twas vexation
 That quickened the flow of his vital fluid,
 With his some time exhausted patience,
 He hated woman like an ancient Druid,
 Though never did he, from mere defatigation,
 Ever remonstrate, he was so imbued,
 Through sad experience, short though satisfying,
 With the conviction "there was no use trying"

Again, we see them in their little boat,
 Upon the bosom of Kokosing's stream;
 Oh, Classic River! oft on thee afloat,
 I glide along wrapped in fancy's dream,
 Or idly looking up perchance to note
 The venerable mounds around, which seem
 To teach a continual lesson from the past,
 That the things we cherish cannot always last.

All earthly joys are fleeting, evanescent,
 Vanishing, unsatisfying, transitory;
 All we may really call our own's the present,
 Fame, riches, honor, power, glory,
 Fade as does the pale moon's changing crescent,
 In one word, *change*, is told existence' story;
 We look around, alas! the things we see,
 Are not what have been, or are to be.

* * * * *

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 As proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
 Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm;"

Gray's boat-ride was somewhat *coleur de rose*,
 And tells of pleasant hours which overwhelm
 The captive heart—as when one has a few
 Of the fair sex for his mate and crew.

* * * * *

"There is a point," philosophers all tell us,
 "Where forbearance ceases to be a virtue,"
 Most persons have some moral sore sphacelus,
 Which, if you touch, take care they do not hurt you.
 While knaves may maltreat, buffet, buy or sell us,
Nolens volens, although one may eat dirt, you
 Understand, that there possibly *might* follow
 A stone—like some stories—too big to swallow!

[To be Continued.]

THE REVERIES OF AN "IDLE MAN."

THE "IDLE MAN" FROM HIS SANCTUM.

And even as I begin, methinks I hear some would be critic sneeringly ask, "What has an 'Idle Man' to say, or think, which another has not said or thought, equally well, or better than himself, many a time before?" "Now good my critic," saith the Idle Man, deprecatingly, "have a little mercy. Thwart not young ambition, in its first aspirations after a niche in the literary temple. Let not the milk of human kindness, that bubbleth up so beautifully in your heart, be soured by your eager desire to show your skill in *critique art*. The Idle Man hath had many thoughts of late of curious import, which he needs must give utterance to, even for his own ease, if for no other purpose. Many a blissful dream of other days, when he was younger than he is now, has flitted across his mental vision, and he would fain give form and shape to such, ere they pass away. The delightful reveries, too, in which he has oftentimes indulged; the scenes of which he has become cognizant in the mysterious realms of dream-land: the yearnings of a lonely heart; the experiences, sad and joyous, of a solitary life; all, unbidden, come up before the mind, and demand expression. Mayhap, however, after all, the old satirist Juvenal, the fierce castigator of the ancient

Roman vices and follies, hath given a truer reason for the Idle Man's gossippings with pen and ink, when he saith of those of his own times, "*Tenet insanibile multos cacoethes scribendi*," or *freely* rendered into our vernacular, "An itching desire to scribble hath seized upon many mad persons."

Albeit, however, these reasons may be deemed invalid by critic readers, and even the fair friends, whom the Idle Man hopes he may count among those who favor the COLLEGIAN with their monthly attendance, yet he does not doubt that he will be held excused, should he proceed to give expression, in this way, and under the veil he has assumed, to an occasional thought, and as it comes from the heart, addressing it to the heart.

In my own proper person, then, permit me to say, that from my sanctum, my mind frequently wanders forth to take a survey of the world and its belongings, and, having witnessed the strifes, the struggles, the contentions; having seen the effects of the jealousies, the fierce rivalry and heart-burnings, which stir up in the bosoms of men, the worst passions of our nature, it returns within itself, well content with the humble lot which God, in his gracious providence, has bestowed upon me. Under the influence of the thoughts and emotions to which these things give rise, I am led to ponder the doings of the various humanity by which I am surrounded, and ask myself, if my fellows have not woefully departed from the true end and aim of their beings; whether, in their eagerness for the things of time, they have not forgotten the things of another life; whether, in fine, in their eager grasping after the material sources of seeming good, they have not become entirely oblivious of the high and true, the spiritual good of their nature. When I consider the infinite variety of the universe without, and its special adaptation to call into intense action the universe of power within; that adaptation, too, so peculiar, and at the same time so exact as to satisfy any, even the most skeptical, that none but a master mind could have planned, and a master hand executed the wondrous work, I am lost in a maze of astonishment, that human perversity should have been so great as to lead the race so far astray. But truly was it said by one of old, "Men have sought out many inventions." In one, perverted genius has sung, in

deathless numbers, the praises of the red wine in the cup; in another, it has dressed vice in the garniture of beauty, and virtue in the robe of poverty; in yet another, it has planted the ways of righteousness and peace with briars and thorns, and has adorned the paths of evil with the rose and the lily; while still another presumes to lift his daring front towards high heaven, and blaspheme the name of him who reigneth there, laughing the while at the evil he is working, and which will continue to be felt in increasing malignancy, when their bodies have returned to the nothingness whence they came. Most true is it, that "the evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Let us then, dear reader, see to it that no evil shall live after us, by endeavoring to leave behind us an influence which shall tell for good during all coming time.

Often times I wonder at the entire neglect of all the finer feelings of our nature, the social for instance, which mark the character of multitudes of the *genus homo*, in this our day. Deeply engrossed by their strife after the pelf and lucre of Mammon; they serve him therefore with such perfect, such unmingled devotion, that no time is left, nor opportunity given for converse with each other, otherwise than in the crowded mart of commerce, the shop and the stall. From early dawn until the very going down of the sun, and even into the still hours of the night, every thought, word, and deed is devoted to the worship of that demigod, who rewards his votaries with great store of gold, and at the same time with disappointment, with bitterness and ashes. Even their sleep is troubled; their dreams are not of the bright realms of sylph and fairy; but of those dark and gloomy caves in the bowels of the earth where hideous and gigantic genii sleeplessly watch over the ingot and the jewel, the heaped-up treasure of their sordid master. Upon the brows of such sits wrinkled care, while in their hearts is sharp anxiety, brooding over the unattained object of their fierce desire. Their converse is but of cent. per cent., of "profit and loss," and of loaded argosies, the one for Tripolis, another for Smyrna, another for Marseilles, still another for England. They tremble for very fear, as they hear the fierce winter's wind howling around their homes; and when they "walk upon the Rialto," or meet each other

"on 'Change," scarcely have the usual salutations of the day curtly passed between them, ere their troubled thoughts find utterance in solemn talk upon the dreadful storm of yesternight, and their own rich ventures and those of their fellows, for friends they have none, though they may name them such. Now let him who likes the picture, follow in their path; but as for me, Idle Man though I be, not all the wealth of "Omus or of Ind," not Golconda's diamonds, nor all the glittering wealth yet hidden in the mountain caves of California, would tempt me to their ways, if for them and with them I am to give up the pleasant hours I pass in my snug sanctum, holding high commune with the master spirits of our own and a thousand foregone generations; or the brief, yet happy, seasons I enjoy in free and fanciful converse with those I love.

For what were our feelings of consociality so liberally bestowed upon us by the wise author of our existence, if not as pure sources of enjoyment, if not to adorn and beautify Life? Ah! ye who waste the best and brightest hours of that Life in carking cares and material pursuits, little know ye, how ye thereby lose, nay worse than lose, fritter away, that time which might be made so fruitful of the truest and most exalted happiness! Eager for gain, looking forward to a period which never comes, ever anticipating and never realizing, before ye are aware, the evil days come, when ye have no pleasure in them. Not that I would have men neglect the means whereby their own physical wants and comforts, and the wants and comforts of those dependent upon them may be supplied; for it is a truth of human nature as well as of revelation, that "he who provideth not for those of his own house has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel;" but I would not have these the all-absorbing object of pursuit. I would have them at the same time consider, and satisfy, the far higher wants of their spiritual nature. And these are not few and scattered or difficult of attainment. In this our fair land, they almost, as it were, invite us to come and partake freely. No fabled dragon of terrible aspect and more than superhuman power, as in the elder time, watches at the gates of this garden of the Hesperides, lest the foot of the profane should desecrate its fragrant walks, or his presumptuous hand dare pluck the ripening fruit. A mightier than Hercules, the discoverer of the art of

Printing, has slain the dragon, and thrown wide open the portals of its sacred recesses; and now the barbarian as well as the Greek, may enter and eat of those fruits at will.

Tho' I be stripped of all things else, yet if my richest treasures, my books, and a few chosen friends, be left me, I will not repine at my adverse fate, but will still esteem mine a blessed lot. With these spared to me, I envy not a single one all the sensual good which he can enjoy. Not that I would be deprived of that good either, for it is by means of refined sense, that we taste the beauties of earth and sky, of the painter, the musician or the sculptor. Aided by these, imagination calls up vividly before the mind the poet's glowing description, or the novelist's enchanting picture. Oh, look here ye votaries of the world, attend but one moment to my voice! Go with me into yon library, where are enshrined the souls of the living dead, and let us commune with them for a moment. Or go with me to the home of a friend who can sympathize with my taste and feelings. See his animated countenance and sparkling eye, as I read of Homer's battles, or Chaucer's pilgrims, or Spenser's Fairy Queen; listen to our enthusiastic talk, and then tell me whether aught can compare with this.

On looking back to the commencement of these detached thoughts, I smile as I see how I have departed from my beginning, and so, good my reader, may you smile also at the whimsicalities of the Idle Man.

TABLES.

Who made the first one? We should like to have seen him at it! Where did he get the idea? Was it from a broad-backed tortoise? Why did he make it? Was he weary of sitting in a corner, his knees touching his chin, like the veriest monkey? We are going too deeply into this interesting subject; we might multiply cunning questions, to the confusion of our minds, and, stone upon stone, build a high wall of difficulties, until we dash out our weak brains against it. Is it *safe* then to speculate? Besides, what right have we to

enquire who he was, and what were his motives? Were they not of too mingled a nature for us successfully to analyze? He may have been weary of his solitary corner, and, again, he may not; he may have longed for something upon which to lean his head besides a wife's faithful bosom, which is thought to be too luxurious for men of strong intellect,—we hope he was not fool enough for any such wish; he may have been suddenly struck with an idea too vast to be contained, and too elevated to be laid on the floor, and necessity may have prompted him to construct that which would support it three feet in the air; thus, in the poet's words, "giving to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name"; he may—speculating again! and who knows whether the inventor was male or female? Therefore, is it *delicate* to speculate? One thing is certain, the first was a round table, this being the simplest form—a circle with a single prop; such is the structure of the mushroom; to which vegetable doubtless the original idea is due. The success and utility of this article being proved, other models gradually were conceived; three and four legs were added; squares, parallelograms, and every shape included within straight and curved lines were adopted, in addition to the circle, until the makers reached those styles which now are displayed in our cabinet ware rooms; and for the time being the order is completed—but, through all this, we still maintain that the first table was round. Now, this would have been labor in vain, if the table was not looked upon as a valuable part of household riches. It has taken a high stand in polished and unpolished circles; it adorns, assists and supports. The fact has often forced itself upon our attention, that tables possess *individuality* as unquestionable as our own; for example, tables have been said to groan under the burden of circumstances—in justice, we must except authors' tables, which are reared too delicately to be guilty of such impropriety; poets' tables (alas!) have been frequently found, like old men and babies, tottering on their legs, and the poets, through sympathy, imitating them. Again, tables walk without help (see Prof. Faraday on Table Moving), dance without a partner, put on oil-cloth overalls, and some have been seen wearing drawers!

Tables are, historical, professional, and domestic; no one

need be fearful of confounding them, they are easily recognized by their faces; the first are dusty, the second inky, and the third sometimes greasy. Among the historical, may be mentioned the long table in the Star Chamber, covered with green baize, and like unto a billiard table—the purses being placed a little out of sight, although convenient for a drop into them—this table was presided over by Injustice,—Passion, Hatred, Base-ambition, and Bribery sitting around their dear old friend. Next, is the table in the judgment hall of the Inquisition, inscribed in every part with the signatures of courage, faith and innocence, and stained with the blood of martyrs—away from so dreadful a table! Professional tables remind us of the lawyer's table, always dusty like the historical; dotted with half-moon wafers, sheets of paper eclipsed with ink-drops, fragments of pale red tape, telling of the cold-crimson speculations they have kept from tumbling into public notice, and thence, into fragments, among which you might search for ever without finding even "*disjecti membra poetæ*." We have doctors' tables also, but we are too timid to approach these, they hide strange and dangerous things—pocket books, upon opening which you find them to be quivers of deadly arrows; knives of every shape, some to save life, others to cut its cords, double and single edged, broad bladed and narrow as a writing pen, a few with plain round tops, many retreating in a graceful curve, like the toe of a Chinese shoe, both suggestive of "cutting and running;" others again, with desperate malice gradually coming to a point sharper than the great pinnacle of Kenyon (Kenyon's great pinnacle being at malice with nothing, save the weather, which is cold just now); saws there are, and spider-like forceps, and jaw-dislocating "tooth-pullers," at the sight of which our hands are unconsciously upon our faces; these are the instruments which ghosts are doomed to draw after their heels, at midnight, through echoing kitchens, long cheerless halls, up interminable staircases, and with terrible rattling against our chamber doors, and which weak-minded people, in their hearts' hot fear, have forged into chains. Poor ghosts! who will lay ye? But we come to domestic tables—dear and delightful furniture! King Arthur's Round Table stands highest among them all, being associated with song and good old wine, Knightly (and

nightly) guests and royal laughter, which is said to be more genuine than the mirth of plebeians—this table was round; writers have never neglected to mention the fact, and justly, for it was a copy of the original one suggested by the mushroom, and the second one made from it. The table on which Napoleon signed some of his important treaties is still shown with pride, as also that of Mary of Scotland, upon which she wrote her sweet verses—

O Domine Deus! speravi in te

O care me Jesu! nunc libera me.

In dura catena, in misera pœna, desidero te;

Languendo, gemendo, et genu-flectendo,

Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

And we must not forget the table at which the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* was unexpectedly found eating a dinner of gruel, when without altering a muscle of his face, the poet informed his visitor that the doctor had prescribed low diet on account of his delicate health!

Surely, not even in reading Shakspeare's Tragedies, are so many emotions excited, as in the contemplation of tables! Around them are the sorrows of famine and the joys of the marriage feast—but we have three tables yet to visit, let us hasten on. Here is one with no costly cloth spread over it, no elegant service, no choice food, it is a plain table, small too, and having life's hard-earned bread upon it—it is the poor man's table, the cause of his toil and anxiety, but, thank Providence! the exhibition of his contentment. There are no grumblings uttered at this board, no unsatisfying whims of a luxurious palate, no envyings of a fat larder—we would not despise sitting here! The next is in a fine apartment, elegantly furnished, its legs rest upon a thick Brussels carpet, it rises in front of an unclouded mirror, bright lights shine down upon it. There are rich fruits in becoming vessels of silver and china, the grape drooping under its own burden of sweetness, the velvet peach imitating the cheek of health, the honest apple the delight of young men, and the fragrant orange the favorite of young ladies; interspersed abundantly are decanters of wines, dews from the vineyards of France, Portugal, and Madeira. The company to partake of these are literati, officers in the army, and a few professionals—at the

head sits their host, rather a small man, very elegant yet not too much so to be above wit; he is in good humor with every thing, his guests, himself, and in connection herewith, his table—and this, dear reader, between you and me, is the secret of their gaiety, this draws out their knowledge, and gives a sparkle to their words—this constitutes their happiest social hours. An equally elegant gentleman occupies the foot, he is an officer in the government department; his acquaintance with the world, and his ability to please, are very evident in his conversation, and close by him is a fat, red-faced old fellow, who slyly suspects that no table would be complete without his presence—nor would it if this depended upon the guest's power to drink wine; he tells stories of persons dead and buried, who fortunately for his equanimity cannot appear to challenge his sayings of them, and insists that whatever remarkable event took place at home or abroad he saw long before it happened and had whispered it to a few select friends. It must be laborious to this convivial historian, to go fully to the end of a story, for he is always anticipating the humorous part, and leading off the laugh; but the good-natured being is well satisfied if the rest join in his mirth. Talent and enjoyment are gathered round this table to-night, and we confess it is with reluctance that we leave it.

See now, we are approaching Mrs. Muggins' table. Mrs. Mary Muggins makes no pretensions to finery. Not she, dear woman! every thing about her is plain, but—with remarkable emphasis—*good*; and among these good things, stands her mahogany table. Around this cluster her matrimonial associations. At this table she and Mr. Muggins drank their first tea as man and wife, when—how well she remembers it—he told her that her cheeks were like two roses, and her lips a good deal sweeter than honey; and when upon her innocently asking how he knew that, the gay man replied by trying them! “Ah, Mr. Mug.,” she sighs, as she recalls these halcyon days, “you were a good husband then!” And what is Muggins now? Don't ask Mrs. Muggins, or her heart will break. Any one who had seen her in her youth would scarcely recognize her as the same person. Her hair, which was, if you are willing to believe Mr. Mug., very like the raven's, is now plentifully sprinkled with that tell-tale color which elderly

ladies shun, although Solomon compares it to a crown of glory, and to which may be attributed the interesting fact, that dress as she will, the worthy lady carries about her an unavoidable air of second-mourning. The animated red which made gardens in her cheeks, has removed thence (alas!) and is now blooming on her nose—Mr. Mug. sees no roses there, but has the impudence to avow that he discovers pimples! Though time and the world have made sad changes in Mrs. Muggins' constitution, no hard treatment has altered her mahogany table; it still adorns the little back parlor, and in close confidence reflects Mrs. M.'s amiable profile when she bends over it with the dusting cloth. During some hours of the day she and her table are inseperable—the attachment has become mutual. By it she may be seen mending Mr. Mug.'s shirts and darning his stockings, nor does she complain except—and who will object to the exception? when the needle misses the cloth and pierces her delicate finger. By it she reads the Sunday Chronicle—Mrs. Muggins is resolved never to be like certain wives, who cannot find time to look into a paper, and who, consequently, are shamefully ignorant of what is going on in the world; she hates politics, so she skips the editorials, and comes down to the city and miscellaneous columns, filled with—"Destructive fire," "Narrow escape," "Unaccountable suicide," "Horrid murder." Why it is that she likes to read such accounts, she cannot explain, yet she thinks it may be well to know them, for, as she once said to Mr. Mug., when that respectable man questioned the good effect of such reading, Does it not teach us human nature? In this last study she must be a proficient, for across her mahogany table, she delivers pointed homiletics to Biddy, who, always meek and patient, is moved to tears by her mistress' earnestness, particularly when she remonstrates upon the too prodigal use of soap and starch, in which respect Biddy is supposed to be a grievous sinner. Mrs. Mary Muggins will not step to the door for any tradesman; so at her table she proceeds to pay the baker's bill, and expresses a wish—the higher the key in which it is pitched the better—that the flour will be sweeter the next time. Occasionally, too, she may be observed with one elbow leaning on the table, her palid cheek reposing in her ample palm, profoundly meditating the changes of the times—a sudden rise in

sugar dangerously effects the worthy house-keeper, although a sudden fall she bears with good grace; the prospect of early peas in her garden also comes into her dreams, and how long the potatoes will last. Mrs. Muggins resembles the little ant of great foresight; and if Mr. Mug. was not so great a fool as to be giving cents to idle beggars, and lending dollars to needy friends, he would bless his dear wife for her caution and strive to be like her. Sometimes Mrs. M. comes to a speedy conclusion in her meditations, and overcome by the burden of her thoughts, drops into balmy sleep with her head upon the table—should Mr. Mug. come in just then, he will wish she may sleep on.

But it is when Mrs. Muggins' three special friends, Mrs. Flareaway, Mrs. Thunderbolt, and Mrs. Showemup are invited to tea, that the mahogany table attains the center of its importance. The blissful moment arrived, the introductory compliments ended, which between these female familiars are never over two minutes long, so forgetful of themselves are they, and so anxious to speak of their neighbors, and the blessed creatures seated around their old acquaintance, then it is that no other table is crowned with muslin caps so high, or honored with so many cups of hot congo; none is fanned with such frequent sighs from the bottom of the breast, against sinning husbands—well for you Mug. that this morning's post called you into the country!—against offending maids—Biddy, meantime, below in the kitchen, is weeping over her sins;—none is encircled by such shocking tales of human depravity—the Chronicle was in close requisition this morning after Mr. Mug. was called out, and none so redolent of gossip. These ladies are quick to detect a young girl's character in the shape of her bonnet or in the tint of a ribbon. They can tell why, exclusive of the weather, that gay silk was put on this afternoon, and who lent the pattern for that unexceptionable lace collar. They know why Mr. Fixus bowed so obliquely to Miss Matilda C——, when they met at the entrance to the music store, and why the same gentleman a few minutes after passed Miss Mary R—— without taking the least notice of her, when he positively knew she was looking over at him from the other side of the street. Were not Flareaway and Showemup at Mrs. P——'s party on Friday night, and did they not see that little

hussy, Miss Lucy S——, whispering in the shadow of the window curtains to that Captain H——? and does not Showemup declare in the most solemn manner that she heard the Captain say in a decided voice, "Well then Lucy, my darling, if your father refuses, we'll run off and be united in the bonds of amity, without his consent." "But they shan't," exclaims Thunderbolt, her face becoming dark, and her high muslin cap trembling nervously, "they shan't, for I'm going to watch them every blessed day, and will put an end to their manœuvres when they least expect it."

Mrs. Muggins, in the silence of deep feeling, raises her hands in denunciation against the depravity of the rising generation, and then fortunately finding words to relieve her pent-up indignation, declares she never heard anything like it! Mrs. Flareaway seizes the next second to express a violent wish that the young ladies of the present day had half the moral courage to resist the flattery of men which she had when she was a girl—but this is too much to hope for!

These worthy keepers of the public well-being having drained their last cup; ere they hasten to renew them, let us, glad of the opportunity, slip quietly out, and leave Showemup, Flareaway, and Thunderbolt to surprise the unsuspecting, ingenuous Mr. Mug., who is already returning home from the country.—What will that dear woman, Mrs. Muggins, say?

Editors' Table.

Our Articles being rather lengthy this month, the MEMORABILIA is unavoidably crowded out. We commend to our readers the worthy disciple of Walton who sends us the following letter:—

"BREEZY SHALLOWS, Oct. 30th.

"To the Editors of the COLLEGIAN:—

"Gentlemen,—I am a social man, and so are Editors, being associated in the minds of their readers with well-piled tables, easy chairs, bright fire-places, and all the elegant disarrangements of literary rooms, which show the jovial disposition of the occupier, who admires seeing things inanimate and animate taking their own way, free and easy; but ye, gentlemen of the COLLEGIAN, above all other Editors, are peculiarly social. The tone of your articles, whenever I read them, and I have read many of them by the side of

Breezy Shallows, are delightfully familiar, and suited to win the sympathies of the most practical man, who never cast line into water, or the saddest recluse on the Rocky Mountains. I have met ye gentlemen, on and off, sometimes separate, sometimes together; when, perhaps, ye thought not that any one was near who would take the trouble of recollecting your names, much less your manners and faces. The last time we met, it was on a beautiful day, the river disturbed by a gentle wind blowing off the bank, and the perch playfully rising; ye were a fishing, so was I, a little higher up the stream. I could not but think that ye cared less for the fish than for your own society; very often there was more wit upon your tongues than bait upon your hooks, and to this day I believe that your baskets were less stocked with game than your heads with bright ideas and fine sayings from authors who had before yourselves fished and made as great a failure of it. I am not much given to sarcasm, I only want to remind you of the old, little man in the fur cap, green spectacles, and big shoes, who sat under a tree close to the water, singing lines of the song, "When the fields were green," and to tell you that I (for I am the man who wore the big shoes) then thought my neighbors on the same side of the Shallows pursued pleasure for her own sake, and not for profit or fame. I love liberal souls, and I hope I have one, for though ye saw how I captured several large perch, I never landed the small fish; so, as I was saying, being a lover of liberal souls, I could not be easy till I and my song joined your company; then I hammed that sweet old ditty, "Welcome, welcome, sons of harmony," and ye immediately joining, Breezy Shallows echoed back the hearty "Welcome," once oftener than I ever heard any song echoed.

"One of my new acquaintances, if I remember right, (my memory is not as good as it was when I first came to live at the Shallows,) was tall and straight as my rod, ye called him Epidamus,—he delighted in stories of College life, much improved by his own additions, and I said to myself—at that moment I had a bite, he is as full of fun and independence as my grandfather, Jeremy Rodderham—and with that I landed my fish.

"A second, not so tall nor straight, seemed to be fond of snatches of old ballads, which he sung with so much feeling while he watched the current running down, that he and I fished together for an hour, and although we did not take many fish, he keeping my eye off the line, so interested was I in what he said; still we gained an idea from each other, he upon perch fishing and I upon the ballad writers. But why should I describe ye to your own faces? I have been at the same spot since, but none of ye did appear. I hope that gentleman whose name I believe was Horatius, continues to love ballads.

"While fishing in the old place a few days past, I found on the bank, where, close to the stream, the wind had blown it, the verses which are herein enclosed. When they appear in your Magazine, the author will rejoice to find them in such safe keeping; and although they cannot strictly be said to have reached their original destination, their rescue from the stream of oblivion was almost providential.

Yours in kind remembrance,

"TIMOTHY RODDERHAM."

REPLY TO AN INVITATION TO A WEDDING.

Dear Madam, the pleasure your letter confers,

I cannot express in the best chosen words,

"Glad" sounds rather vulgar, "Was pleas'd" is too weak,—

The feeling is stronger than six letters speak;

"Contented" means too much, 'twill read either way,
 Contented to go, or, Contented to stay;
 "Made happy," you'll see might be thought to imply,
 The bridegroom made happy, alas! and not I;
 And if, in full feeling, I wrote down "delighted,"
 You might make a mistake and pronounce it "excited."
 Greek, Latin, and English, I mourn my devotion!
 Since yours are not tongues to express my emotion,
 Away to the shades where Celibacy sighs!
 Henceforth, I will study the language of eyes;
 And would, dearest lady, the Fates might prove true,
 And permit me at first to take lessons from you!

There's a season in life, when the rose, best of flow'rs,
 Strews perfumes and dews in the path of the hours,
 When myrtle and hearts-ease, with all they express,
 Seem fairest and meetest to bloom on the breast,
 When trust so completely possesses the mind,
 That hope, at a flight, leaves suspicion behind,
 And free from the pain of a lasting adieu,
 We joy to find life just beginning anew—
 This is not, when Spring, wand'ring child of the wood,
 Brings flowers which though lovely, are still in the bud,
 But, oh! 'tis in Summer, when morning looks down,
 Upon two loving bosoms forever made one!
 This season is dawning round one of your hearth,
 It soon will be welcomed with garlands and mirth;—
 Ah! cruel the Fates which forbid me the grace
 To snatch a stray beam from her beautiful face.
 But fancy will grant what occasion denies,
 Thought, too, which succeeds in whatever it tries,
 And hope to whose venturous pinions is given,
 To soar till it reaches the portals of heaven.

Now, here let me pause—when you read down to this,
 You'll say, To choose metre was surely amiss.
 Forgive me, if this fails my mind to disclose,
 Pray, how could I hope to write better in prose?
 Oh! blame then the pen, which can only control
 The half of my feelings, instead of the whole,
 And say, that I labored with earnest endeavor,
 To make, what no mortal can ever make better,
 A *proper* reply to so charming a letter.

The above brings to mind that one of our worthy predecessors in the Editorial chair has entered the matrimonial state. A neat little billet, in which nestled two snow-white cards, announced the fact a few days since. May the experience of brother BENEDICT be as unlike the worthy "Timothy Tubbs," who seems rushing onward to some sad denouement, as the blaze of noonday is to the darkest midnight. Our hearty congratulations to the two made one.

SINCE our last acknowledgment we have received the July, August, and October Nos. of the Yale Literary; the July and Sept. Nos. of Harvard; the Marietta of July and August; Journal of Education of Sept. and October.